1: Jenness--162
116, 593, 562

(1913-16) 1922

Copper Eskimo

"Marriage involves no subjection on the part of the woman. She has her own sphere of activity, and within that she is as supreme as her husband is in his. All important matters, such as the migrating to another settlement, are discussed between them before any decision is taken. Both within and without the house she behaves as the equal of the men. Her voice is heard in the dance-house when any deliberations are in progress, even in the hunting field when caribou are sighted and a drive is to be organized. Some of the women are shamans, and so obtain a considerable influence in the communities to which they belong. Yet they can never attain to a full equality, because from the physical weakness inherent in their sex the heaviest tasks must be left for the men to perform, and these tasks, the procuring of food and the construction of a home, are precisely those that are the most vital to their existence. Nevertheless woman meets with far more consideration and respect among the Eskimos than falls to their lot among most races."

12: Collinson--285 (1851-53) 1889 Copper Eskimo
116, 142, 515, 177, 562

"The aquiline nose and Jewish cast of countenance noticed last year was not observed this; but their features resemble the general characteristics of their race, viz., broad forehead, small eyes and flat profile, chin tapering to a point, hair coarse and black, no whiskers and but little on the upper lip or chin. The women are slightly tattooed, low of stature (one a mother being but 4 feet 3 inches high); when young not devoid of some beauty, but this, as is usual among natives where the female sex are looked upon as drudges, soon passes off; and to this I attribute in some measure the ill-success our looking-glasses had in the market. One great advantage they possessed over their brethren to the westward in our eyes, was the absence of vermin on their persons."

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

Light, a motherly old lady for whom we had entertained the greatest respect. It fell to my lot to recover it, so I quietly asked her to bring back our *ookoosik*, as the Eskimos call all cooking vessels. The old lady smiled graciously and went home. Two hours later she returned and handed me, not the frying-pan, but an enormous four-gallon pot that, unknown to us, she had also filched from one of our caches.

To distract their attention from our station and caches I decided to study the natives at their own homes, and to that end induced them to build me a snow-hut. There I lived beside them for three days, enjoying their hospitality and sharing their food as they shared mine. Their life was very tranquil at this period; the women stayed home and sewed, while the men wandered back to a small lake and fished until dark. In the evenings they questioned me about my own country. Some of my food tasted good, they said, especially the sugar; but why did I eat so much grass (rice and oatmeal) instead of strong, nourishing meat? Were seals and caribou not numerous in my land? And my woollen clothes, from what strange skins did they come? Were they the best garments that white men could secure? Surely their own country was far richer than mine.

They told me one evening of a large tribe that was mustering on the opposite side of the strait, and a man volunteered to guide me to the village. Together we

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

my presence in the dance-house, which was in this village the forecourt of a large two-roomed hut. Seated in state on a sleeping-platform I watched their monotonous performance for two hours; then weariness overcame me, and, slipping through the low doorway, I retired, unattended, to my new home.

Eskimo dances have a superficial resemblance to the open-air meetings of a church army band, except that the only musical instrument is a drum. The singers form a ring around the leader, who hops and prances rhythmically to the accompaniment of a song. As one dancer tires and steps back into the ring, another takes his place. Women and children alternate with the men, for the sexes have almost equal status in this twilight land. Sometimes the faces of the singers glow with such earnestness that even the alien spectator succumbs to the emotional atmosphere and joins in their embryonic religion. Thus with song and dance they while away the evening hours until one after another drops out of the circle and the gathering dissolves to its homes

I measured the heads and statures of the Eskimos from early the next morning until mid-afternoon. Every man who submitted to the operation received a fish-hook, every woman a needle; and the payment seemed to satisfy them all. On completing these measurements I traded for museum specimens, bartering knives, files, and other articles for lamps and pots

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

rigid taboos to finish the sewing on the sea-ice. My old snow-hut was empty as I had left it, but cold and cheerless without the warm glow of a blubber-lamp. Seeking more comfort in an inhabited hut, I became the "guest" of a man named Snow-Knife, sharing my food with his family and giving them presents from time to time in payment for occupying half their dwelling. The arrangement proved fairly satisfactory for two or three weeks, but later in the winter I changed my quarters and lodged with another family more sensitive to my personal comfort than to my worldly possessions.

The women sewed industriously from morning till night, but the men found the time drag heavily. Some of them were still bringing in the caribou meat they had cached during the summer, and the pokes of blubber left on the coast in the spring. A few set fox-traps obtained the previous winter from Captain Bernard, the first and only trader who had visited their country. The rest stayed quietly at home and put their sealing-gear in order, or helped their wives to scrape the caribou hides.

In one hut that I visited a middle-aged Eskimo was trying to repair a 30.30 Winchester rifle he had purchased from Captain Bernard. A bullet had stuck in the barrel, for, like many a more civilized hunter, he had scrupulously oiled the outside of the weapon, but entirely neglected the inside. He hammered on the